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GOOD-NATURE.

A

POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]

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BRITISH MUSEUM 8 58 JAN

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POEM.

By a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurere diſco. VIRG.

In Nature's faireſt Forms is aught ſo fair
As vertuous Friendſhip? as the candid Bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with Fortune to be juſt?
The graceful Tear that ſtreams for other's Woes?
Or the mild Majeſty of private Life,
Where Peace with ever blooming Olive crowns
The Gate! where Honour's liberal Hands effuſe
Unenvy'd Treaſures, and the ſnowy Wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the Scene?—
O fair Benevolence of gen'rous Minds!
O Man by Nature form'd for all Mankind.

Pleaſures of Imagination.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in *Pater-noſter-Row.*

GOOD-NATURE.

A

POEM.

By a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco. Virg.

In Nature's fairest Forms is caught so fair
As vertuous Friendship? as the candid Breast
Of him who strives with Fortune to be just?
The graceful Tear that streams for other's Woes?
Or the mild Majesty of private Life,
Where Peace with ever blooming Olive crowns
The Gate! where Honour's liberal Hands effuse
Unenvy'd Treasures, and the Smiles of Joy
Of Innocence and Love protect the Scene?—
O fair Benevolence of generous Minds!
O Man by Nature form'd for all Mankind.
Pleasures of Imagination.

LONDON:

Printed for M. COOPER, in Pater-noster-Row.

THE PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem, (if it may bear that Name,) was a young Gentleman under Four-and-twenty; who has been far from having made Poetry his Study, but only an Amuſement, and that occaſionally; nor did he diſcover in himſelf any poetical Inclination, till he was turn'd of Seventeen. His Situation requiring the daily neceſſary Cares of Life, he has not had Leiſure to ſerve himſelf enough from thoſe Helps of

 Learning,

Learning, which are abſolutely requiſite for every one, that would wiſh to drink deep of the *Pierian* Spring, or is otherwiſe deſirous of being eſteem'd in the Common-Wealth of Letters. For to the Author's own particular Misfortune, may he juſtly apply that Paſſage of *Cicero*, *Mediocriter a doctrina inſtructus, anguſtius etiam a natura.* A Misfortune however he does not think of ſuch Moment as to give him any great Uneaſineſs, being well grounded in that Principle of the Ethick Poet, *All find the Means proportion'd to the Ends.* Had his Lot been favourably diſpoſed for theſe Studies, it is not impoſſible, but he might have better ſucceeded in his own Reputation, and contributed perhaps more to the publick Entertainment, than he now can ſo much as pretend to. Be this as it may, the Author has liv'd long enough to ſee Contentment of Mind out-laſt the Pleaſure of Knowledge, and Abilities, both in Point of Duration and Joy: Not but that various and extenſive Learning, join'd to an elevated Underſtanding, and rightly apply'd, are the higheſt Gratifications the Soul of Man can enjoy. Yet after

after all, *Animum æquum mî ipſe parabo*, is a Labour as well worth all our Pains, as it was the ſucceſsful Endeavour of *Horace*.

A Tranquillity of Mind, not in the Churliſhneſs of *Diogenes* deſpiſing every Thing, but in the Urbanity and Good-Nature of a *Socrates*, making the beſt of each happy or untoward Occurence, or as Sir *Philip Sydney* ſomewhere elegantly ſays, *But gently took all that ungently came*. It is then, from Conſiderations of this Kind, the Author does not repine at his poſſeſſing ſo ſmall a Share of theſe politer Accompliſhments; nor has he the Vanity to think that his Genius with all the like Advantages of Education, can ever equal thoſe great and immortal Wits, who have done ſo much Honour and Service to the *Engliſh* Nation and Language: The Fruits of his Studies, even then, would no more bear a Compariſon to theirs, than the moſt exquiſite Compoſition of Art, can be ſet againſt a Diamond poliſh'd to its Height of Beauty.

HAVING ſaid thus much of the Author, it now remains to take ſome Notice of the Work, in which

he intends to be more conciſe, leaving the Performance to anſwer for itſelf; if it has any Merit, the candid Reader will do it Juſtice, and if none, it would be but pleading in a lame Cauſe, rendering that worſe which was bad before.

What originally gave the Hint to this Undertaking, is the Pleaſure the Author frequently takes in employing his Mind, in the Study of Moral Philoſophy and the ſocial Virtues, which, wherever they are found, never fail of being the higheſt Ornaments of Life. It is true indeed that Titles, Fortune, Parts, and Beauty, may dazzle our Eyes, and attract our Admiration; but thoſe by affecting the Heart, ſecure an Eſteem more laſting and valuable. Upon a Subject like this, he was deſirous of collecting his own Ideas, as well as trying the Strength of his Judgment: How far he has ſucceeded is left for others to determine. He only hopes for ſome little Indulgence to his Youth, Inexperience, and this his firſt Eſſay. It may be ſaid, the Subject is above the Author's Years and Abilities, which is very readily ſubmitted to; but pray let it be

re-

remember'd at the ſame Time, that if it is never too late to do well, it ſurely can never be too ſoon to endeavour to think ſo.

The Reader need not be put in Mind, that Good-Nature, Charity, Benevolence and Humanity are here all along treated as ſynonimous Terms, theſe latter Virtues appearing to the Author, but as Streams of which the firſt is the original Source; and it is believed upon Enquiry they will not be found very different; for without Good-Nature, it does not ſeem likely that any Man can be poſſeſs'd of the other good Qualities. The Author is aware of an Oppoſition to this Principle, from the frequent Inſtances we ſee of Men, who enjoy the Character of being very charitable, (yet are moroſe in their Families, and to their Friends untractable,) and that, for no other Reaſon than giving Alms at their Death. This, if their Lives are not ſupported by ſome evident Marks of Hoſpitality to the Poor, and Beneficence to Mankind in general, is but a doubtful Pretenſion; true Charity conſiſting as much in the Habit of the Mind, as it does in the Liberality

of

of the Hand. Reſpecting a Man in this Situation, it may be inferr'd without any Injuſtice to his Name, that a relentleſs Pique to his Relations, or rightful Heirs, or an oſtentatious Vanity were his beſt Motives. Theſe Obſervations are not advanc'd to diſcredit public Donations, or Charities in *Mortmain*; they have ſometimes been the Effect of true Benevolence, and prov'd a great Bleſſing to Thouſands; but only to ſhew that they are not always a Characteriſtick Mark of Charity, as Examples might be produc'd in Abundance; however they are recent in every one's Memory, it becomes from thence unneceſſary for the Author to give them, and thereby relieves him from a Taſk ſo unpleaſing.

It may probably be thought that ſome Characters are handled with great Severity, in Anſwer to which it can only be reply'd, they are not exagerated. To explode Vice of any Kind, it is ſeldom neceſſary to be perſonal, Crimes not Men being the proper Objects of cenſure. To expoſe Offenders by Name, is near akin to poſting up to Infamy in a Church an unfortu-

nate

nate Adultereſs; a Cuſtom which is doubted, whether it has more of Brutality, or Profanation in it; for ſurely it is rendering the Almighty at beſt but a poor Compliment, (if not a Proof of an inſincere Belief,) to make that Place the Scene of Puniſhment, which was dedicated to his Honour, and is called the *Houſe of Prayer*. Reformation, or a Terror to others, is a poor Diſguiſe for a Cuſtom ſo inhumane, that only ſerves to fill up the Meaſure of contemptible Miſery. An Impiety the ſoberer Heathens were not guilty of: How conſiſtent is ſuch a Practice to the Terms of of our Reconciliation, as we forgive them that trepaſs againſt us? or to the mild, benignant Reprehenſion of our Saviour, *Go thy Ways and ſin no more.*

It is now Time to give over this *Ille Ego* Diſcourſe, by leaving the Reader to the Exerciſe of his own Judgment. Prefaces in general, ſerving rather to raiſe than leſſen our Expectations: But the Reader is here ſpar'd the Trouble of a Diſappointment of that Kind, by the Author's having expos'd to him all his Weakneſſes, and acquainting him before-hand,

that

that he muſt not expect a faultleſs, perfect Piece. Should he chance then to meet with a Line, which may give him Pleaſure, let him regard it in the ſame Light, he would the Recovery of a bad Debt, an agreeable Surprize.

FROM the Criticks, the Author's Inſignificancy renders him pretty ſecure, lowly Shrubs remain ſafe from the Injuries of Winds, while taller Oaks feel the Rage of every Storm. The only Merit here laid Claim to, is what every Sexton enjoys, by ſummonſing the Pariſh to one Part of their Duty, but leaves it to the Doctor to point out to them the more particular Means; ſhould this juvenile Eſſay animate in a like Manner, ſome abler Genius to an Undertaking of the ſame Kind, the Author will not think his Endeavours ill-beſtowed."

Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis
Candidus imperti :---- HOR.

GOOD-

GOOD-NATURE,

A

POEM.

DESCEND ye Nine, assist me while I sing,
And to my Aid your Inspiration bring:
Weak are my Numbers, artless all my Lays,
Alike unskill'd to give, or merit Praise:
In Rhymes unpractis'd, and by Rules untaught,
Trembling I fear to write my infant Thought.

Grown more enflam'd I court a nobler Theme,
" Than painted Meadows, or a purling Stream;"
I paint fair Poetry to moral Uſe,
And would from Ill my Manners diſabuſe:
O may each growing Day my Life amend,
And I in all Things ſerve my God and Friend:
Led by Good-Nature, that is only known,
By Name and Terms in *Engliſh* Words alone.
Yet tho' its Name's confin'd to *Britiſh* Strands,
We own it Virtues bleſs'd more Ancient Lands.

Moses benign with hard'ned *Iſr'el* ſtrove,
And govern'd leſs by Puniſhments than Love:
The Judge * well-natur'd held no Iron Rod,
Yet was he fear'd by Men, and lov'd by God.

See

* *Samuel*, the Prophet.

See *Jonathan* exalted in his Love,
Whoſe Breaſt no Father's Menaces could move;
Behold him ſhelt'ring from his Sovereign's Ire,
The very Man that muſt ſucceed his Sire;
Such Friendſhip ſure the World ne'er ſaw before,
Can latter Age afford one Inſtance more?
David whoſe early better Part of Life,
(Ere he in Luſt look'd on *Uriah*'s Wife)
Stain'd with no Cruelty his regal Hands,
Nor waſted wantonly his Neighbour's Lands:
To *Saul* obedient, he his Wrongs forgave,
Nor in his own Defence oppos'd his Rage.
But for this King ſo great, ſo wiſe, yet frail,
Thou gentle Muſe throw o'er his Faults a Veil:
Nor where Omnipotence his Pardon ſeals,
Dare thou to heſitate, or make Appeals.

To later Days turn thy enquiring Sight,
Set the *Samaritan* to publick Light:
Bluſh, *Chriſtians*, bluſh, your Faith and Calling's Shame,
Ye whoſe Breaſts ne'er felt his gen'rous Flame.
Shall gaſping Objects paſs'd from Door to Door,
Periſh for Want becauſe they're wretched poor?
Say, ſhall Demerit Friendlineſs exclude,
Or do you meanly fear Ingratitude?
Can'ſt thou no Aid extend, but where thy Pride
Muſt in Acknowledgements triumphant ride?
Does Revelation teach this narrow Creed?
No; thou art to help thy Foe or Friend in need.
Judge not leſt ye be judg'd, is Heav'n's Advice,
Nor puniſh Faults by a much greater Vice.

The worſt of Men in mutual Kindneſs live,
But this's the Teſt, where we to Ingrates give,
That Help, that Aid, their Miſery would aſk,
And this's the new, the glorious Chriſtian Taſk.

LEARN from the King of Kings, who ev'ry where
Makes all Mankind his univerſal Care:
See the bright Sun his chearful Rays diſpenſe,
To him who gives, or him who bears th' Offence:
See fruitful Show'rs enrich thy En'my's Plain,
Nor Plagues, nor Famine ſpoil Blood-thirſting *Spain*.
Then tell me why, what Precedent you plead,
To aid alone a worthy Man in Need?
Devils can puniſh, that's their joyous Food,
Prone to all Cruelties untouch'd with Good;

Angels

Angels benign make human-kind their Care,
And aid alike the Saint, or Sinner's Pray'r.
What Mercy thou would'ſt Heav'n to thee ſhould ſhow,
Do thou extend that Mercy to thy Foe.
Oh may fair Charity, that Heav'n-born Good!
Attend me as it did my ancient Blood.

SEE graceleſs Sons that ſlight their Parents Love,
Whoſe Breaſts no filial Tenderneſs can move;
On all their Family entail Diſgrace,
And ſhame their former worthy, glorious Race.---
See a hard Mother rioting in Pelf;
Ne'er thinks her Child belonging to herſelf.
But left expos'd and deſtitute of Care,
To ſuffer Want, tho' many Thouſands Heir;

Ev'n

Ev'n Foreſt Brutes have Natures more humane,
And nurſe their Young with Tenderneſs and Pain:
Then ſhall the Breaſt that felt a Mother's Throws,
Forſake a Daughter ſtruggling with her Woes?
Sure Nature err'd, when firſt ſhe brought thee forth,
Imperfected in thy untimely Birth.
Muſe be reſtrain'd, for Nature ſeldom ſtrays;
Such cruel Deeds, a Will moſt cruel ſways:
And that's acquired, Nature has no Part,
In Wills corrupted, or a callous Heart.
Amid the various Ills of Life below,
All barb'rous Women are the worſt we know:
The Stoick's Faith ſuch Wretches fully prove,
And feel no Spark of Virtue, or of Love.---
Huſbands that tyrannize with lawleſs Sway,
And make weak Woman their unfriended Prey:

Milk is his Blood, who thus the Sex can Uſe,
And all their ſofteſt Innocence abuſe.
Heav'n gave them for a Comfort to our Life,
And meant no ſep'rate Int'reſt in Man and Wife.
But we regardleſs of theſe better Ends,
Prove bitter Foes for Life, inſtead of Friends.
With well-diſſembled Love we gain a Heart,
Secure in Marriage, play the Tyrant's Part.
And ev'n the fair to their own Ruin run,
To pleaſe their Eye they'll riſk to be undone:
As Dullneſs, they will modeſt Worth deſpiſe,
And ſlighting Merit fall a Sacrifice;
Subdu'd and conquer'd by a forward bold,
Born as the Poet ſings to be controll'd.
The Muſe laments with each unhappy Fair,
Whoſe Lot it is a Fate ſo hard to bear.

Truſt

Truſt me, ye Nymphs, his is the Tie of Love,
Whoſe Soul to yours can congenial Prove:
It's Av'rice oft the Marriage-State disjoins,
And Settlements with unagreeing Minds:
Bnt where Affinity of Manners meet,
The Pair are happy and the Bliſs compleat.--

FATHERS but nominal unkind, ſevere,
That leſs regard their Children's Love, than Fear,
From whom no Errors can Compaſſion find,
Proud in the Virtues of a *Spartan* Mind,
Expoſe thoſe Faults they ought with Care to hide,
Miſcall that Love, that is but barb'rous Pride,
Exact Obedience to a harſh Command,
And deal out Scorpions with a lib'ral Hand:

Cut off by Will their Children's certain Right,
And leave to Whores their Offspring's Wealth thro' Spite.
Othello like will Heaven to paſs o'er,
And grant that Mercy they themſelves forbore.
In Churches thus for Priſoners we pray;
But mean hard Creditors the Words they ſay?---

TEMPERS unhappy, peeviſh, and unkind,
That ſeldom Pleaſure know, or Comfort find!
But deal their Venom with a blaſting Hand,
And plague their Friends as Locuſts plague a Land.---
All theſe are Strangers to this heav'nly Ray,
That ought to guide the Deeds of ev'ry Day.

IF Pow'r muſt pleaſe thee, or thou burn'ſt to reign,
Aid all the Worthy and the Bad reſtrain:

In good Communities be thou a Chief,
Merit ſtill forward, give to want Relief:
Aſſiſt the Widow, hear the Orphan's Cry,
Nor treat with Haughtineſs fell Poverty;
To all Mankind be thou a gen'ral Friend,
Redreſs the Injur'd, and the Right defend.
Virtue ſtill love, her pleaſing Paths purſue,
Her Joys are ever conſtant, blooming, true.
And when thou'rt bound to hold fair Juſtice's Scale,
Think on thy God, let Mercy then prevail.

Such Acts like theſe ſhall dignify thy Days,
And comfort all thy Life with heav'nly Rays:
Bleſs'd in thy Death, thy Memory ſhall riſe,
Like well-accepted Incenſe to the Skies.

Such *Titus* was, who midſt triumphal Cars,
Regrets his Glory, and the Spoil of Wars:
More than his Sword Benignity he lov'd,
And more than Conqueſts, Virtuous Deeds approv'd.
Bluſh, *Cæſar*, bluſh, thy Clemency was Art,
Came from the Head, but dwelt not in the Heart.

It's not the Smile a King or Queen beſtows,
The Laugh of Beauties, or of ſimp'ring Beaus:
The Nod of Premiers or a Harlot's Leer,
With ſweet Profeſſions of *My Friend*, *My Dear*;
Nor the Politeneſs of a Lawyer's Tongue,
When he adjudges Caſes right or wrong;
Nor yet the well-bred Airs our Doctors uſe,
When they no double, treble Fees refuſe;

Nor

Nor Compliments that bowing Mercers give,
Nor fawning Arts by which our Courtiers live:
(As ſure as Needles to the Loadſtone bend,
Theſe courtly Airs attract ſome private End).

But to the gen'ral Race of Men unknown,
O noble *Montague*, it's all thy own.
Would but our Nobles pattern from thy Mind,
By their Example they would mend Mankind:
Teach us to feel that ever-pleaſing Joy,
Of raiſing Want by what we now deſtroy
In Heaps, for ſenſeleſs Operas and Crimes,
The Shame, the Bane, and Scandal of the Times;
The ſureſt Means to humble *Britiſh* Hearts,
To make them ſuppliant to a Premier's Arts.

Britons

Britons be juſt; and this great Truth believe,
That private Virtues Liberty will give.

AMONG the kind, the friendly, and the good,
Let *Orford*'s Name be ever underſtood:
Party in vain ſhall ſtrive to blaſt his Name,
He ſtill ſhines brighter with unſully'd Fame;
Tho' torn from Power, yet ſerenely gay,
" Eyes the calm Sun-ſet of his various Day."

THY Death, lamented *Wager*, thouſands mourn,
And follow with ſincereſt Sighs thy Urn;
Thy *Chriſtian* Hand could dry the Widows Tears,
And from Affliction chaſe deſponding Fears:
Tho' brave in Fight, and ſkilful in thy Art,
Thou yet wer't greater from thy friendly Heart.

For

For this it was that *Atticus* is known,
Making his Friend's Neceſſities his own.

NOR in the Stateſman *Cart'ret* hides this Ray,
Long has he liv'd beneath her gentle Sway.
Oh may no Arts of Pow'r e'er change his Soul,
Nor the mere Miniſter, the Man controul!

PELHAM, thy Worth, contending Parties blaze,
Bleſs'd as thy paſt may be thy latter Days;
Lov'd by thy King, and to thy Country dear,
To pleaſe both Sides thou happily can'ſt ſteer:
So *Neſtor* mild 'twixt King and Nations ſtrove,
To keep unloos'd the Band of mutual Love.

SEE *Sloane* beneficient, from Cares remov'd,
Still lives the Man moſt valu'd, and belov'd;

Whoſe

Whoſe active Youth and full accompliſh'd Age,
Humanely ſtrove to cure Diſeaſe's Rage:
Service eſſential ever was his End,
And where the Doctor came, there came the Friend.
Accept theſe poor, but well intended Lays,
Thou beſt of Men, for thou prolong'ſt my Days.

PLEAS'D have I ſtray'd in *Fairford*'s verdant Groves,
And heard the feather'd Songſters tune their Loves.
Seen Hoſpitality relieve the Poor,
And Thirſt and Hunger baniſh'd ev'ry Door;
Seen Wealth apply'd to ev'ry uſeful End,
That Want could crave, or Virtue's ſelf intend;
Seen human Bliſs, if human Bliſs there be,
Join'd to Magnificence and Charity.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd in thy Name, more bleſſed in thy Wife,
Lælius, thou lead'ſt a bliſsful, ſocial Life.

SENSE with Good-Nature, Zeal with Softneſs join'd,
O gen'rous *Mucklow*, deck thy gentle Mind:
With Pleaſure oft the Muſe has ſhar'd your Thought,
And ſees you live the very Man you ought.

No biaſs'd Friendſhip, nor no partial Ties,
Cauſe me to tell how much the Youth I prize;
That bleſs'd with Fortune ſhares a gen'rous Mind,
Open, extended to all human-kind.
Swol'n with no Pride, the rich Man's common Bane,
He hears the Orphan's Cries, nor hears in vain.
Forgiving Wrongs, to Injuries all mild,
" In Soul a Man, Simplicity a Child."

Friendſhip ſincere, fair Modeſty and Truth,
Candour, with Virtue, grace his early Youth.
Thy Name, my Friend, needs not my feeble Aid,
And Panegyrick's a ſuſpected Trade:
But *Horace* ſays, The Good ſhould ever live,
And Immortality the Poets give.

THY Worth confeſt, good *Andrews*, claims Regard,
Who lives like thee ſhall never want Reward:
To ſome good End, thy uſeful Days have prov'd,
From Merits of thy own by all belov'd:
Honour, Good-Nature, and Humanity
Are Virtues all conſpicuous in thee.

How longs the Muſe! to earn ſuch noble Praiſe!
The ſure Attendant on fair Virtue's Ways:

Oh!

Oh! may ſuch Fame on all her Deeds attend,
Auguſtus like, ſhe'll then applaud her End.

But, Muſe, why ſing'ſt thou thus thy Sex alone?
Lives there no Female whoſe high Worth is known,
For ev'ry Good that Virtue calls her own?
Yes, in *** Vale there lives the Fair,
Who makes all Goodneſs her peculiar Care.
By Converſe pleaſes, by Example charms,
Reaſons by Truth, by good Perſwaſion warms.
Of Temper mild, and unaffected Eaſe,
The more ſhe's known, the more ſhe's ſure to pleaſe:
Polite in Manners, and a *Chriſtian* too,
Actively good without the formal Shew;
Tho' wrong'd and injur'd in her proper Right,
She bore thoſe Wrongs with no ſevere Deſpite:

Thoſe very Rites, ſhe paid her Huſband prove,
The *Chriſtian* Soul, and the full Force of Love.
O more than Woman, thus to conquer Ill
By better Deeds, is doing Heaven's Will.
Long may'ſt thou live, bleſs'd with thoſe ſocial Joys,
(No Folly leſſens and no Grief deſtroys)
With thy dear Relatives, one Siſter, Child,
Of lovely Characters, by Wealth unſpoil'd.
And may my Stars ſome kinder Influ'nce bear,
That I ſuch Pleaſures, may more frequent ſhare.

Be it thy Province, *Sykes*, t' inſtruct our Age,
Expoſe our Vices in thy ſacred Page:
Reclaim the Vicious, aid the Well-inclin'd,
Teach us to copy thy own heav'nly Mind:

Thus

Thus liv'd thy Predeceſſor, *Clarke*, thus dy'd,
That Great, Good Man, this Nation's Boaſt and Pride.

WHY ſlumbers *Pope*, why hangs unſtrung his Lyre?
Whoſe Lines exalt, and ev'ry Good inſpire.
Haſt thou exhauſted all ſatyrick Rage?
Have we no Evils worthy of thy Page?
For Ends of Service I read o'er thy Muſe,
And would be better'd too as I peruſe:
Early from thee I learnt the better Part,
Leſs to admire a Head than honeſt Heart.
The Man of *Roſs*, wiſe *Bethel*, I would follow,
Whoſe Lives were void of all Cauſe for Sorrow.
Plain are thy Ethicks, undefil'd and good,
Of eaſy Practice, eas'ly underſtood.

Thy

Thy Works are ſtill the Glory of the Age,
And long Poſterity ſhall quote thy Page:
Long as this Iſle ſhall bear *Britannia*'s Name,
Thou ſhalt deſcend with high, increaſing Fame.

WHILE virtuous Liberty can warm the Breaſt,
Why ſleeps a *Thompſon* in inglorious Reſt?
It's true that *Britain* now no *Talbot* claims,
Yet there live Nobles of unſpotted Names:
Whom thy impartial Muſe might juſtly praiſe,
With honeſt Zeal, not Compliments of Lays:
Pardon a Youth, who feels thy gen'rous Rage,
And with Heart-chearing Joy lives o'er thy Page.

YOUNG, give not o'er thy nervous, rapt'rous Muſe,
In thy lov'd Sounds, thy holy Truths infuſe:

En-

Enlarg'd by thee my Love of Virtue roſe,
I now more ſtrongly feel another's Woes:
May Heaven aid this Purpoſe of my Soul,
That Virtues Rules may all my Life controul:
Nor thou refuſe theſe tributary Lays,
Thou taught'ſt me Friend the Error of my Ways:
Shewd'ſt me the Dangers of a ſudden Call,
And the reprieveleſs Hour that waits on all.
To thee one grateful Muſe her Thanks beſtows,
For all the Services to thee ſhe owes.

F I N I S.

Enlarg'd by thee my Love of Virtue role,
I now more strongly feel another's Woes:
May Heaven aid this Purpole of my Soul,
That Virtues Rules may all my Life controul:
Nor thou refuse thele tributary Lays,
Thou taught'ſt me Friend the Error of my Ways:
Shew'ſt me the Dangers of a ſtudent Call,
And the reprieveleſs Ruin that waits on all.
To thee one grateful Tribute for Thanks beſtowe,
For all the Services to thee the owe.

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F I N I S.